

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Something Tragic, but Almost Pure

punk_rock_yuppie

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Summary:

Richie learns really fucking quick that Beverly can never be on her back.

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Author's Note:

honestly i'm not totally sure what this is; i wanted to write some fwb bevchie, and i wanted it to be emotional, and i wanted it to end in a happy way. i hit all those boxes so i guess i'm pleased?? also i didn't want to tag it bc it's so small but there is also some blink-and-you'll-miss-it bichie in here too, bc why not.

shout out to hannah (cathect) as always!!

anywho, enjoy!

Richie learns really fucking quick that Beverly can never be on her back.

He learns it the first time they try and fool around.

They're kissing on the couch in his basement and it tastes like shitty, bottom shelf vodka. But Richie likes it; he likes the feel of her soft lips against his chapped ones, and he likes how her hand feels on his thigh. He *really* likes how his own hand feels cupping her breast over her dress, and the soft little sounds she makes when he brushes over her nipple.

He lets his touch drop to her waist and tugs. She stiffens but goes down, she lets him lay her across the couch anyway. He shuffles around awkwardly until he's between her legs, and his heart is racing because everything becomes suddenly so terrifyingly real. He can feel the heat of her through her panties, and can feel the frantic rise and fall of her chest.

He leans back to catch his breath and realizes Bev is crying.

Richie scrambles back and topples off the couch. He lays on the floor until Beverly's crying subsides and she reaches for him. Slowly and

carefully she pulls him back onto the couch, and Richie waits.

Bev swallows. "My dad..."

Richie's mouth goes dry. "Oh, fuck, Bev, we don't have to—!"

"It's not that," she says hurriedly. She plants her hands on his chest but doesn't push him away. She knots her hands in his shirt and tugs him closer. "I want to," she murmurs against his lips. "I just..." She sighs and swings herself into Richie's lap, instead. "Like this."

Richie watches the way her dress rides up her thighs, exposing her soft, pale skin. He nods. "This works, this is awesome." He grips her thighs and squeezes and breathes in her answering shudder. "This is okay?" He asks lowly.

Bev kisses him instead of answering, and they grind against each other until Richie comes in his pants like the teenager he is. When the haze subsides and Beverly is still flushed and squirming in his lap, Richie reaches into her underwear. He's fumbling and awkward but he rubs his thumb over her clit until she whines loudly and her body rocks with the motions.

Afterward, they grin at each other until it's time for Bev to go home.

Richie remembers it the next time they get the chance to fool around, so when he carries Bev upstairs to a room in this stranger's house, he falls back onto the bed first. The party is still going strong downstairs, music loud and booze flowing like rivers throughout the crowds. The rest of the Losers are scattered around the house, too, but Richie doesn't know and doesn't care where.

He falls back onto the bed and jerks his hips up. The friction isn't as good as before, because Bev is in what they've termed her '*Dirty Dancing* jean shorts.' They're tight and hug her every curve but Richie can't feel her through the thick fabric, not when he's wearing jeans too.

“What do you wanna do?” He asks breathlessly even as his hands work nimbly under her shirt. She’s not wearing a bra so he goes straight to her breasts to tease her nipples. Bev sighs at the touch and rolls her hips. “Fuck, Bev, babe, you’re killing me here.” The grind isn’t nearly enough and Richie’s cock is too fucking hard.

Instead of answering, Beverly reaches between them and shoves her hand unceremoniously into Richie’s jeans. They’re loose enough that she can squeeze in easily and curls her hand around his prick.

“I really don’t want to come in my pants again,” he moans even as he bucks into her grip. “Those stains are a bitch to wash out.”

“Please, like you ever do laundry,” she snarks back. Even so, she relents and unbuttons his jeans, pulls down the zipper agonizingly slow. She tugs his boxers aside enough to let his cock spring free and curls her hand around him again. “Better?” She asks, biting her lip on a smirk.

“Fuck you, Marsh, you’re killin’ me.”

Beverly laughs and leans in to kiss him as she works her hand over his prick. The angle is weird, and he knows she’s a lefty but it’s her right hand around him. It’s still good, though. Hot and tight and dry and Richie groans into her mouth.

“This is gonna be over embarrassingly fast,” he warns when she teases the slit of his dick with her thumb.

“Do it,” she murmurs. “C’mon, trashmouth, do it.”

His hips jerk and he does, he comes all over her hand and his stomach and the hem of his shirt. She keeps stroking him until he yelps and pushes her hand away. She wipes her hand on the bedsheets and they both laugh.

“Can I,” Richie falters. “Can I finger you?”

Bev’s eyes widen slightly but she nods. “This isn’t a great angle.” Her words are hesitant, but Richie just nods.

“Come here.” He takes her by the hip and guides her to sit next to

him. It takes some awkward maneuvering, something Richie is coming to think is just part of the territory, but eventually Bev's legs are spread and her back is against the headboard. She's sitting upright, and Richie is slouching a little to get his hand between her legs. He stops as his fingertips brush the button of her jeans.

"Your pants are way too fucking tight."

Beverly laughs again, and after some more shuffling around she manages to yank them down and off. They tangle around her ankles but Richie can get his hand inside her panties, and that's enough. She's wet and it's easy to slide one finger into her. With a careful twist of his hand he grinds his palm against her clit at the same rhythm he fucks her with a single finger.

He watches her face closely, even when her bright blue eyes flutter shut. Bev's mouth hangs open and soft, hitched gasps fall from her lips every time Richie touches her just right. His wrist is starting to ache by the time Beverly's thighs start to quiver, but he pushes through it. He pushes through and thrusts a little faster, grinds his palm a little harder, until her whole body goes taut. She reaches out and digs her nails into one of his arms and her hips roll with the force of her orgasm.

Richie watches with wide eyes; it feels like it takes forever, but he's content to watch the entire time. The scent of the room gets even heavier with the taste of sex, of come. When Beverly's body goes lax and she smiles at him lazily, Richie finally pulls his hand from her panties. His finger is slick, his palm a bit too.

He doesn't look at Bev while he does it, but he sucks his finger clean just to know what it tastes like. It's salty and tangy, different from his own come, which he figures probably makes sense.

Bev kisses him after; she sticks her tongue in his mouth and they kiss until there's a knock at the door.

"G-guys?" Bill's voice faintly filters through. "We're heading o-o-out, wanna come?"

Richie and Bev share a look, both thinking the same thing.

Already did!

Snickering, they grin at each other.

“Richie? B-Bev?”

“Yeah, Big Bill!” Richie hollers back. “We’ll be right there.” He clambers off the bed and tucks himself back into his pants while Beverly does the same. It takes her a big to get her pants over her thighs and Richie watches, admittedly a little mesmerized, as she works at it.

“Your pants, Marsh,” Richie mutters, downplaying the edge of awe in his voice.

Bev just beams.

“I wanna eat you out.”

Beverly looks up, eyes wide. “Excuse me?” She’s hunched over a textbook, they’re on the couch in his basement again. It’s just the two of them, has been since Stan left hours ago for some kind of Boy Scout meeting or something.

“I wanna eat you out,” Richie says again, already putting his book and papers aside. He wasn’t getting much studying done anyways. He’s been thinking about this since the night at the party, since he tasted Bev on his finger. He wants more, he’s curious, and he’s think Beverly feels the same.

She licks her lips. “But.”

Richie slides to the ground, right into the ugly shag rug he threw down here years ago. The concrete floor is too hard and cold on his own, and the rug adds a certain ambience to the room. He shuffles over on his knees to sit between Bev’s legs. It’s second nature by now to find a way to make Bev comfortable.

Slowly, she sets her own homework aside and spreads her legs. She's in a dress again, short and thin material, and she's wearing plain beige panties. Richie can see them when she parts her knees and his face heats up.

"Rich," she says quietly. "You don't have to."

He lays his hands gently on her knees and scoots closer. "Bev, I want to."

Beverly hesitates for only a split second longer before nodding. She pulls her dress up and Richie yanks her panties down to pool at her ankles.

He's never seen her up close like this before. Granted, they've only fooled around a couple times. But he's never seen her like this, not even when they've changed in front of each other. He's seen Bill's dick, and Eddie's ass on more than one occasion. All the Losers have seen each other in varying states of undress—but not like this.

"Richie," Bev says softly.

Richie sinks forward and seals his lips over her clit. It's weird, and he quickly realizes pubes are a weird texture to have in your mouth, but when he tongues over the swollen skin and Bev keens loudly, it's so worth it. He licks again, and again, and again. Kitten licks, just to tease, until Beverly is begging softly under her breath.

"You wanted more, didn't you?" She asks breathlessly. He doesn't ask how she knows, exactly, because it doesn't matter. He just grins up at her and plants another sloppy kiss to her clit. She scoots her hips forward and throws her legs over his shoulders and suddenly Richie is overwhelmed by the heat and scent of her.

He dives in again. He brings a hand between her thighs to spread her folds and slides his tongue along her entrance. Her breathing catches and for a moment, her knees come together against his head. She relaxes quickly but threads a hand through Richie's hair. She grips, and sighs happily and Richie grins against her.

He licks more firmly, and slowly dips his tongue inside. Beverly's

back arches and she lets out a choked off, confused noise that bleeds into a moan. Richie thrusts his tongue again, and gets the same noise from her, a little more sure. He does it over and over until Bev's moan tinge with frustration.

"More, Richie," she pants.

Richie drags his tongue slowly from her cunt up to her clit and presses hard. "Is this better?" He murmurs with his lips over her clit. He shifts the hand he used to spread her folds, and pushes into her with two fingers instead. "Better?" He asks again.

Bev knots her second hand in Richie's hair and tugs. He takes it as a yes. He thrusts two fingers in quick and careful and at the same time presses his tongue flat against her clit. She's whimpering above him, soft breathless noises that he can barely hear with her thighs over his ears, but Richie drinks it all in. He moans a little each time she tugs at his curls and it's like an erotic feedback loop:

She tugs, he moans, she tugs again.

Richie fumbles his freehand to his jeans. It takes too much concentration to thrust, and lick, *and* get his cock out of his jeans. He pulls back and leans his head on Bev's thigh, stares up at her as he works his hand into his jeans.

"Fuck, Richie," she breathes, back arching when he thrusts two fingers into her again.

Richie doesn't respond except to bring his mouth to her again. He focuses the tip of his tongue on her clit and teases her relentlessly. It's still hard to manage all three in tandem, and his rhythm thrusting into her is at odds with the rhythm he uses to stroke himself.

Beverly rolls her hips and her hand in his hair pulls him closer than ever, and he thinks he could suffocate here, and it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. He moans, loud and unbidden against her as he comes in his hand and over the couch. His own hips jump and fuck into his fist as Bev grinds against his face. Everything is wet and sticky and hot.

Bev's hand slowly uncurls from his hair and Richie falls back on his haunches. He breathes heavily and when he licks his lips, all he can taste is *Beverly*.

He wipes his hand on the carpet and helps Beverly back into her panties.

The thing is—it's not *just* sex. But it's not a whole lot more than that, either. They aren't dating (not each other, not other people) and that's fine. They just come together like magnets, whenever they get the chance. It's easy to find his way back to Bev, Richie thinks. All the Losers are close, and don't get him wrong, Richie would absolutely be down if any of his other friends wanted to go for a roll in the proverbial hay.

It's just, they don't. Mike has a girlfriend (though he promises if he didn't, he wouldn't *mind* getting down), and Eddie is still figuring himself out; Stan is more focused on school and Ben is more focused on being straight. Bill and Richie have kissed more than once, and just the thought of it gets Richie's blood burning; but what he and Bill have is even more casual, even less put-together than him and Bev.

Him and Bev. They're just a constant. They fit together like they were made to. He'd call her a soulmate, maybe, if he believed in such a thing.

It's not *just* sex and it's not even remotely close to dating—it's just *them*.

"I think the candles are a fire hazard."

Beverly looks over at the candle perched on the edge of their treehouse window, and shrugs. "Don't rock the boat too much,

trashmouth. It should be fine.”

Richie finishes clambering into the treehouse and wrinkles his nose. “You invite me up here, presumably so we can tick off the last box on our V-cards, and you want me to *not* rock the boat?” He asks as he drops his backpack in the corner. It looks like Beverly didn’t even bring hers, which only confirms the (previously) unspoken reason they’re both here.

Bev had just tucked a note into his hand the night of the graduation bonfire—

Treehouse. Saturday. 9pm.

“Would you rather fuck in the dark?” She asks, even though they’re just verging on summertime and the light outside is a dim purple and orange.

Richie rolls his eyes. When Beverly just grins back at him, he looks over at the bed tucked into the corner instead. What’s normally a lumpy mattress just hanging out is now a lumpy mattress with a sheet and blankets and pillows.

“Richie,” she says. “C’mere.” She sinks onto the bed; at some point she kicked her boots off and she must’ve not brought a jacket. She’s in a dress again—does she know how much Richie loves the dresses? She must. She’s in a dress again and her arms are bare and the hem of the dress is riding up her thighs dangerously fast.

He kicks off his own sneakers and practically falls onto the bed. He turns to land on his back and Beverly climbs into his lap without prompting.

“Are we really doing this?” He asks quietly as her fingers start on the buttons of his shirt.

Bev doesn’t pause, but she does bite her lip. “I want to. I couldn’t imagine doing this with anyone else, Richie.”

Richie grins. He pushes at her dress until she raises her arms up and together they get it off, toss it aside. She’s not wearing panties, and the bra she’s wearing is a flimsy scrap of lace. It’s pale white and he

can see her breasts beneath the fabric, can see her peaked, flushed nipples under the lace.

Beverly shoves at his shirt until he has to sit up to shrug it off. He tosses it the same way as her dress and lays back again when Beverly runs her hands over his bare chest.

“Did you bring, uh.” Richie looks at their laps, at the soft tufts of red hair between Beverly’s legs.

“Condoms?” She asks with what seems like an easy grin. Beverly nods, but when she reaches for the little bag beside the bed, her hands are shaking.

With her partially off his lap, Richie undoes his belt and yanks his jeans down until they hit his knees, tangled up with his boxers.

Condom in hand, Beverly holds herself over him and stares down.

“Fuck, Bev,” Richie breathes out his nerves, though he feels like he inhales them right back. The air of the treehouse is thick with nerves, with the scent of sex.

Beverly grins, and it’s softer than before and it puts Richie at ease. He’s already hard, not something difficult to accomplish, and his dick twitches as he watches Beverly tear open the condom packet.

She rolls it over him and Richie watches with wide eyes and a choked-off laugh as the bright purple latex hugs his cock. He wants to comment, the color is truly garish, but she tightens her grip around him and sucks the moan off his lips with a kiss. He bucks into her hand and she rides the motion as it goes.

“Ready?” She asks, frowning when Richie shakes his head.

“Are *you* ready?” He asks. He drops a hand between their bodies and runs his fingers across the lips of her labia. She’s slick, which puts him at ease, but he still waits for an answer.

When Bev speaks, her words are shaped by the sweet smile on her chapped lips. “I’m ready,” she assures. She meets Richie halfway in another kiss and they pull apart with matching sighs.

Richie holds her hips and she takes his cock by the base to hold him steady. In an unspoken agreement, neither of them breathe as she sits over him and starts to sink down. She lets out a keening moan, bitten off and high-pitched. Richie holds back his own groan and the urge to thrust up. Beverly is wet and tight around him, but the pinched expression on her face holds him back.

She only opens her eyes after she's seated fully. Her chest heaves with the weight of her breathing, but she's grinning.

"Richie?" She asks, panting.

"Holy fuck, Bev, give me a sec," Richie says in a rush. His hands flex on her hips and her skin is turning red with how hard he holds her. "You okay?" He asks, unable to help himself.

Beverly laughs softly and nods; her red curls bounce around and frame her face. "You good?"

Richie nods. Slowly he rolls his hips up and shudders when Bev gasps in response. There's no pain in her voice, only shock and pleasure, and Richie basks in the sound. He thrusts up again and she pushes down to meet him.

He's awkwardly ashamed of how quickly his hips and thighs grow tired but doesn't stop, not even when Bev's thighs are quivering and she falls forward. Her nails bite into his chest as she braces herself against him, takes what he gives

"Fuck, Bev," he mutters. He can't decide where to look: her bright blue eyes, wide with pleasure, or her cherry-red lips dropped open in a moan. Her hair as it bounces with the force of his thrusts or the way her tits do the same. He pushes himself up to latch onto a nipple through the thin, lacy fabric, and in the same moment brings two fingers to her clit.

Beverly gasps and knots a hand in his hair to hold him closer. Her hips jump against the two fingers he rubs against her and her moans echo off the walls of the treehouse. They're loud, and Richie knows both their grunts and groans are probably carrying out into the town, but he can't bring himself to care.

He kisses up the pale, freckled column of her neck until he reaches her lip, then licks into her mouth with a sigh.

“I’m gonna come,” he says against her lips.

Bev nods but shoves at the hand against her clit. She replaces Richie’s fingers with her own, and she moves faster and more sure than he’s learned to be yet. She knows what she likes and Richie likes watching her, revels in the way her whole body writhes with the pleasure. Her breath hitches in such a way, soft and delicate, and it tips Richie over the edge suddenly.

He thrusts faster and without even a hint of rhythm as his orgasm races through him. Beverly rides him out, her moans getting louder until she’s clenching around his slowly softening cock. She’s tighter and hotter as she comes and Richie’s dick gives a valiant twitch inside her.

She falls forward as they both come down and tucks her face against his neck. Her breathing is sticky and hot against his skin; the whole treehouse is humid and stifling, and Richie breathes in deeply.

He curls an arm across the small of her back as he slides out. She sits back without a word, just long enough for him to remove the condom, tie it off, and toss it out the treehouse window. She curls up close to him again with a laugh.

“Thank you,” she says quietly. He doesn’t ask why, or what for. He holds her tighter and kisses the crown of her head, memorizes the sensation of her curls under his lips.

Twenty-seven years later, they come together as seamlessly as before. Better, even. Richie isn’t a bumbling teenager who gets hard and comes at the slightest touch. Beverly is more confident, more sure, and just as stunningly gorgeous as she was in high school. The night after they and the rest of the Losers have dinner—save Stan, who hasn’t shown yet—Beverly takes him by the hand.

She whispers to him, despite Bill and Ben looking at them blatantly, that she's at the same hotel as Richie. She squeezes his hand and her lips are still smooth against his jawline.

Not particularly caring for how it looks to their friends (Bill and Ben are staying at Mike's anyway, Eddie is at a different hotel on the outskirts of Derry) Richie and Bev make lackluster excuses to get away. They take off practically giggling, and Beverly follows Richie into his car.

In the hotel elevator, Bev holds up her keycard with a raised eyebrow, and Richie can't help but kiss her. They miss the floor, too busy making out against the chilled elevator wall, and have to wait another couple minutes until they come back around. They stumble out together and Beverly still won't let go of Richie's hand. She pulls him along until they reach her room, and despite the giddiness flooding through them both she doesn't fumble with the keycard.

They shed their clothes swiftly. Their fingers don't shake and they don't struggle like they used to. Bev's jeans are tight, but Richie knows how to get them off easily. It's a dance, one they've both perfected in their time apart.

Richie doesn't realize it until they're stepping toward the bed, stark naked. "Bev—?"

She falls back onto the bed with her arms spread. "C'mon, trashmouth," she murmurs. "Do it."

Richie lets out a strangled groan and follows her onto the mattress. "This is okay?" He asks in between sweet, suckling kisses.

Beverly nods. She throws an arm out to the bedside table and comes back with a box of condoms. Richie takes one and tosses the box aside again. She plucks it from his hand quickly and he doesn't even see her tear it open before he's watching her slide it—bright blue, this time—over the length of his erection.

He slides into her slowly and loses himself in the feeling of her arms around his shoulders. He peppers kisses over all of her freckles until her moans are interspersed with giggles.

"I've missed you," she says a little sadly, though her lips are still curled in a smile. "I've missed this." She hikes her legs higher up on his hips so he can thrust deeper and moans when he gets the angle right. He smirks against her cheek as she keeps moaning, right in his ear. "You've gotten better," she manages to tease.

Richie rolls his eyes affectionately and kisses the next sigh of pleasure off her lips.

"Richie," she breathes when he pulls back. "Touch me."

He does. He brings two fingers to her clit and this time she lets him. He rubs in a rhythm opposite his thrusts until every sound from Bev's lips is a hushed keen. She comes first with her back bowed, her hair thrown across the pillow in a mess of red curls. Richie watches, awed, as she breathes through her orgasm.

Slowly, she looks back at him with heavy-lidded eyes and a smile, and that's his undoing. His hips jerk forward once, twice, and he comes with a cry of "*Bev, fuck.*"

Afterward, they lay together. He's mostly on his back and she's partly draped over him, with her face tucked against his neck. She doesn't say anything this time, and before long he's listening to the soothing sound of her sleeping. Richie tilts his head and kisses her again, smiles against the red locks that feel exactly the same under his lips.

Author's Note:

title comes from 'broken' by lovelytheband, which is the most bevchie song in existence. i recommend checking it out!!